

The Bloomfield Record.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

STEPHEN M. HOLIN, Editor and Proprietor.

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The Bloomfield Record.

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Miscellany.

Adam McAdam.

A Lesson for the Season.

Adam McAdam (may his class increase!)
Awoke at midnight with a heavy sneeze,
And as he raised himself in bed he saw
Something that struck McAdam's soul with awe:
For bending in the moon's uncertain light,
An aged man with locks all silvery white,
Sat making entries in a ledger old.
The eight uncanny made his blood run cold,
And scarce from terror could McAdam ask
The nature of the scribble's uncanny task.
"Behold I write," the vision answered then,
"The names of those who love their fellow men."
"And pray," said Adam, with a hopeful grin,
"Your honor's honor, am I counted in?"
"Nay," spake the Presence with a look of grief,
"My task is easy for the roll is brief;
Look through the M's, but all in vain, I fear,
You seek your ancient patronymic here."
Then meekly Adam said, "I am not one
Who boasts to others of the good I've done.
I seldom answer to the public call.
With wants so pressing and with means so small,
I ply a wood saw for my bread and pork,
And half the time, you see, I'm out of work.
No loud subscription my sign-manual knows,
But this I do—no lend attentive ear—
Each wintry morning when the dawn grows clear,
I take my bucket to the ash-heap dim,
And there I fill it to the very brim.
Then on the sidewalk take my slippery stand,
And scatter ashes with a liberal hand.
So at my gate no broken heads I see;
No cripple shakes his gory leg at me;
In kind regard I'm held by rich and poor,
Save by the surgeon who reads next door."
Thus Adam told his tale, the while
The great Scribe listened with a brightening smile.
The next night he came again:
"See here," he cried, "the list of great-souled men
Who answer promptest to meet mercy's call!"
Lo! A. McAdam's name o'erleaped them all!

Astronomical Science.

Prof. R. A. Proctor, the eminent English astronomer, recently gave an interesting lecture in Brooklyn on "The Moon and the Transits of Venus." In regard to the latter phenomena, an instance of which is to occur in December next, he spoke as follows:
"You all know of course, said he, that on this transit depend the best methods of determining the sun's distance depends our estimate of all the dimensions of the planetary system. Therefore that is the fundamental problem at starting, because when we pass on to the stars also our ideas depend on that one fundamental measurement of distance. Now it happens that the planet Venus, by coming between the earth and the sun, enables us to measure that distance in a manner very easily explained. We know that the distance from Venus to the sun is to the distance of the earth from the sun as five to seven, and therefore, if observers at the north and at the south of the earth's globe look at Venus at a time when she is directly towards the sun, the southern observer will see Venus at the highest of those stations, and the northern observer will see her at the lowest of those stations. It becomes a simple matter of geometry to determine in this way the required distances. The southern observer watches Venus going across the sun's face on the northern track; the northern observer sees her on the lower track, and by noting how long she is they determine how long those two tracks are, and then geometry settles the difficulty."
In commenting on the "Moon Hoax" Prof. Proctor created much amusement by mentioning the grave statements in it regarding the black men, monstrous creatures, in the moon, the comparison made between them, the militia of London, and the inquiry made from America of Sir John Herschel whether it was true about the black men in the moon, and if so whether any means could be adopted for conveying religious instruction to the benighted inhabitants. He next treated of the power of obtaining lunar pictures, and showed that there is a limit beyond which we cannot go, for if we take a photograph picture of the moon on a screen and magnify it, we magnify the defects. An interesting inquiry was then made, whether there is life on the moon. He showed that there is no atmosphere on the moon for various reasons, among them that there is no twilight there, and a star disappears instantly behind it, unlike the appearance of the sun above our horizon after it has actually sunk below it and we see the moon at the full a sharply defined circle, no extension by twilight at either side. If there were an observer on the moon, he would see around the earth stars which were really behind it, by the refraction of the earth's atmosphere. Again, there is no sign of water on the moon. If there were it would be raised into the shallow atmosphere and cause changes of appearance in the streaks and "floors" which always remain unchanged. The argument that the craters must have thrown out water, and the various theories to account for its disappearance, was discussed. The lecturer did not find any theory that sufficiently accounted for the displacement of oceans or atmosphere on the moon at any time: he came to the conclusion that no life is there, and that even there is doubt whether the craters attributed to volcanic action were not in reality caused by agencies from without.

Uncle James, walking with niece Mary, aged four, points to the moon, on whose disc the dark spots showed quite plainly, and says: "There is a man in the moon burning brush." The infantine realist put up her little nose and sniffs, saying, "Yes, I smell the smoke."

THE CENTENNIAL TOWER.

The Scientific American of Jan. 24th contains a beautiful engraving representing a group of the most celebrated buildings in point of altitude now existing in the world. O'erleaping them all, as a central figure, is depicted the iron tower, one thousand feet high, which it is proposed to erect in Philadelphia commemorative of our national centennial birthday. We extract as follows from the instructive letter-press description of the tower and contrasted structures.

It is but natural for the mind to wander back to the earliest attempt of our race to make for itself a written history, and to commemorate a great event by the erection of a colossal structure, in connection with the subject of the present lines. As did the descendants of Noah, so propose we to do. The oldest of ancient nations formed brick and made mortar, and built for themselves a tower to record their existence; we, young-est of modern peoples, build us a tower to celebrate the close of the first century of our national life. And to its prototype, Babel, a pile of sun-dried clay which authorities assert, at the hour of the confusion of tongues, had not attained an altitude of over one hundred and fifty-six feet, this graceful shaft of metal, rearing its summit a thousand feet above the ground, forms a fitting contrast, typical of the knowledge and skill which intervening ages have taught mankind.

"But how high, comparatively speaking, will this thousand foot structure appear?" doubtless is a question already in the mind of the curious reader. Beside the mighty works of Nature, we answer, infinitely small; beside the works of man, colossal. Compared with the vast peaks of the Himalayas, twenty-five thousand feet above the sea, ten hundred feet is but a pigmy elevation; beside the loftiest spires which exist upon the earth, it is as the giant trees of California to the tallest maples and elms, which join their leafy arches over our streets and doorways.

The reader can draw the contrast for himself, by comparing the thousand foot tower with the highest structures in the world.

First in point of altitude is the graceful spire of Cologne's far famed cathedral, rising to a height of 501 feet above the marble pavement of the sanctuary below. Next is the Great Pyramid of Cheops, beneath the crest of which lie 450 feet of stone before the vast foundation is reached. And then another face, spared by the fate of war, though not unscathed, Strasburg's minster, towers 468 feet from earth to pinnacle. Michael Angelo's grandest work, the dome of St. Peter's, the gilded cross surmounting which, from its height of 457 feet, seems to watch over the Roman campaign. It is closely followed by another pyramid, that of Cephren, brother and successor to Cheops, the summit of which is 454 feet from the desert sands which continually drift about its foot. Rivaling the glorious vault of the Italian architect, Sir Christopher Wren's masterpiece, St. Paul's, rears its symbol, 365 feet above the crowded streets of the great city at its base, overtopping the dome of our own Capitol at Washington, by fully 78 feet. Representative structures from three of our principal cities complete the picture. Trinity church steeple, in New York city, 286 feet from foundation to apex, then Bunker Hill Monument, its granite column towering 221 feet above the scene of the conflict which it commemorates, and, lastly, St. Mark's church, in Philadelphia, an edifice of no small architectural beauty, the spire of which springs to an altitude of 150 feet above the curb.

So much for relative height. And now a word as to who is to build the great fabric, and how they propose to carry out their task. The designers are Messrs. Clarke, Reeves & Co., civil engineers and proprietors of the Phoenixville Bridge Works, of Phoenixville Pa., a firm represented by its productions throughout the whole country, and regarding whose ability to carry through an enterprise of this kind no corroborative assertions on our part are at all necessary. The material is American wrought iron, made in the form of Phoenix columns, united by diagonal tie bars and horizontal struts. The section is circular, and is 150 feet in diameter at the base, diminishing to 30 feet at the top. A central tube, 30 feet in diameter, extends through the entire length, and carries four elevators. The latter are to ascend in three and descend in five minutes, so as to be capable of transporting about 500 persons per hour. There are also spiral staircases winding around the central tube. The bracing above noted, runs in every direction, so that the tower will be as rigid as if made of stone, and yet will expose very little surface to the wind. The proportioning is such that the maximum pressure resulting from the weight of the structure, with persons upon it, and a side wind force of 50 lbs. per square foot, will not strain the lowest row of columns over 5,000 lbs. per square inch. The four galleries are roofed over and protected with wire netting, in order to prevent accidents. The estimated cost of the fabric is one million dollars, and the necessary time for construction, the designers tell us, need not exceed one year. The site has not been as yet definitely located, but it will probably be in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, in proximity to the

buildings of the Centennial Exposition. By calcium and electric lights from the tower, it is suggested that the latter, with their adjoining grounds, might be brilliantly illuminated at night. The summit of the spire would also form a magnificent observatory, while the view of the surrounding country would be unparalleled.

It is hardly necessary for us to point out the very appropriate character of the design in connection with the object of its erection. That the hundredth anniversary of our nation's existence should not pass without some more permanent memorial than that of an exposition, which, within a few months from its close, will have disappeared, seems to us eminently proper. It is clear that, within the coming two years, no monument of so imposing a nature, or of so unique and original conception, can be constructed of any other material than iron, nor, indeed, can we hope to erect a fabric more completely national in every feature. Not only then shall we commemorate our birthday by the loftiest structure ever built by man, but by an edifice designed by American engineers, reared by American mechanics, and constructed of material purely the produce of American soil.

Wealth and Culture.

The death of Charles Astor Bristed suggests a topic worth considering. It is the relations of wealth to culture. Mr. Bristed was born with a gold spoon in his mouth. His mother was a daughter of John Jacob Astor, and through her he inherited a fortune. This circumstance was quite enough to ruin any young American. But instead of spending his income on horses or dogs, or squandering it in riotous living, after the manner of too many Americans, he gave most of his life to study and literary pursuits. After graduating from Yale with honor he entered Cambridge, England, and went through its course of study with credit. He found the classics a delight, carried on a linguistic controversy with Professor Felton, of Harvard, and won the respect of philologists by his scholarly papers. He turned to his pen for diversion and wrote extensively for the papers and magazines. His "Five Years in an English University" gave a complete and vivid picture of the interior of Cambridge University and the differences between English education and our own, and was highly praised by English critics. His articles in *Fraser's Magazine* were subsequently published in a volume, and he kept up his contributions to the press to the very last. There was no necessity laid upon him, but the promptings of inclination and taste led him to seek in literary pursuits the gratification and influence too many rich men chase in spendthrift and ruinous ways. That he was a happier and more respected man for his choice than he could possibly have been by any other is unquestionable and a proof of its wisdom.

It is a serious question why more of our rich men and the sons of our rich men do not choose the attractions of a literary career, instead of squandering their wealth and themselves on frivolous pursuits, if not in worse ways. The field is certainly inviting. The pursuit is almost fascinating. It is free from the thousand cares, vexations, and perils of a life of fashion and pleasure. Its rewards and its pleasures are as elevating as they are sufficient. But the current of our life sets the other way. There is so much fever in our blood that our people can hardly command themselves enough to sit down and really appreciate the best works of the master minds of the world. There seems to be a steam-engine in the American's heel driving him ahead and making quiet, thought, study, a life of elegant literary pursuits, impossible. Our national characteristic is push, and our people are as fast in spending money as in the getting of it. The passion for excitement and adventure which enters so largely into our business and speculation unites our men for subsequent study, and is transmitted to children in temperaments which make a calm, beautiful, scholarly career impossible.

The example of Bulwer, with a princely inheritance and a delicate constitution alluring him to a life of indulgence and ease, yet devoting himself to literature as though dependent upon it for bread, and finding in it a power and pleasure the peerage would not give, appeals to every man who has riches at his command. If America is ever to have a rich and great literature it must be through the efforts of men of ample means to give themselves up to literary pursuits, and if anything is to redeem our money-getting from utter vulgarity and baseness it is the devotion of wealth to culture when it is acquired.—N. Y. Graphic.

Society Requisites.

The countenances required for admission into "good society" are characteristically demanded by the several cities. Boston draws herself up severely, and, while raising her eye-glass to scan the cerebral development of the importunate one, coldly asks, "What do you know?" New York, vulgarly displaying her silks and diamonds, looks at the costliness which the applicant's apparel denotes, and pertly says, "What are you worth?" Philadelphia, proudly drawing around her her covering of pampered aristocracy, demands, blue book in hand, and lips pursed into prunes, persimmons, and prisms, "Who was your grandfather?" While Washington stops a moment in the gliding German, and while trying to obtain a sly glimpse of your pedal extremities, with glowing cheeks and heaving breast, inquires, "Can you dance?"

VARIETIES.

A noted scoliocy—2 B or 0 2 B, is the? "New duds" is an fait for "latest modes" in Atlanta, Ga.

When a man marries a poetess, does he take her for better or for verse?

The man who is awfully urbane to his wife before strangers is generally also "her bane," behind their backs!

A Nevada postmaster has written to Washington to know if he can rent part of the office for a faro bank.

Josh Billings says: "Success don't consist in never making blunders, but in never making the same one the second time."

"Bobby, why don't your mother sew up your trousers?" "Cause she's down to the vestry sewing for the heathen."

A western man who has married and buried three sisters, now comes up smiling at the altar, having begun on a new family.

What is the earliest financial transaction on record? When Pharaoh received a check on the bank of the Red sea, crossed by "Moses & Co."

More than one hundred women are studying law in the United States, and the question as to who shall be chief justices may yet agitate the land.

Two little girls were comparing progress in catechism study. "I have got to original sin," said one. "How far have you got?" "Me?—Oh, I'm way beyond redemption," said the other.

"Can you steer the main-mast down the fore-castle stairs?" asked a sea-captain of a new hand. "Yes, sir, I can, if you will stand below and coil it up." Captain didn't catechise that man any more.

A plumber had an Irish lad in his employ, and one day, having occasion for a piece of zinc, ordered him to get one twelve inches square. "Yes, sir," said Pat, "twelve inches square, but how long?"

A tradesman advertises anti-breach-of-promise ink, and says that writing with this ink disappears before one month, thus avoiding the system of ridicule to which old and young promise breakers are now exposed.

Peter Van Dyke, an old chap, who died in New Hampshire the other day, worth \$140,000 in cash, requested in his will that no one "should snuffle and shed crocodile tears at his funeral, but cover him over and then hurry home to fight over his money."

Mark Twain in London.

The London Post prints as "a specimen of transatlantic puffery" this hit by Mark Twain at the custom the English have of insisting upon the presence of some person of rank at popular gatherings:

Sir: Now that my literary engagement is drawing to its close, I find that there is one attraction which I forgot to provide, and that is the attendance of some great member of the Government to give distinction to my entertainment. Strictly speaking, I did not really forget this or underestimate its importance, but the truth was, I was afraid of it. I was afraid of it for the reason that those great personages have so many calls upon their time that they cannot well spare the time to sit out an entertainment, and I knew if one of them were to leave his box and retire while I was lecturing it would seriously embarrass me. I find, however, that many people think I ought not to allow this lack to exist longer; therefore I feel compelled to reveal a thing which I had intended to keep a secret. I early applied to a party in the East End, who is in the same line of business as Madame Tussaud, and he agreed to lend me a couple of kings and some nobility, and he said that they would sit out my lecture, and not only sit it out, but that they wouldn't even leave the place when it was done, but would just stay where they were, perfectly infatuated, and wait for more. So I made a bargain with him at once, and was going to ask the newspapers to mention, in the usual column, that on such an evening His Majesty King Henry VIII. would honor my entertainment with his presence, and that on such and such an evening His Majesty William the Conqueror would be present, and that on the succeeding evening Moses and Aaron would be there, and so on. I felt encouraged now; an attendance like that would make my entertainment all that could be desired, and besides I was not to be embarrassed by their going away before my lecture was over. But now misfortune came. In attempting to move Henry VIII. to my lecture hall the porter fell down stairs and utterly smashed him all to pieces; in the course of moving William the Conqueror something let go, and all the said wretch burst out of him, and he collapsed and withered away to nothing before my eyes. Then we collared some dukes, but they were so seedy and decayed that nobody would ever have believed in their rank, and so I gave them up, with almost a broken heart. In my trouble I had nothing in the world left to depend on now but just Moses and Aaron, and I confess to you that it was all I could do to keep the tears back when I came to examine those two images and found that that man, in his unapproachable ignorance, had been exhibiting in Whitechapel for Moses and Aaron what any educated person could see at a glance, by the figure, were only the Siamese Twins. You see now, sir, that I have done all that a man could do to supply a complained of lack, and if I have failed I think I ought to be pitied, not blamed. I wish I could get a king somewhere, just only for a little while, and I would take good care of him and send him home and pay for the cab myself. MARK TWAIN.

Prime writes in his "Alhambra and the Kremlin": "Children smoke at an earlier age in Spain than in other countries. It is not uncommon for them to begin at six or even five years of age, and they never leave it off till they die. Ladies smoke. Not often do we see them with a cigarette in their pretty mouths on the street or in the cars, but in the cafe and in the drawing-room they enjoy it, as well as in the boudoir and the bath. By cool fountains, in a marble-paved patio, among the orange trees, or jolting at noon on their silken-lung coaches, they love to smoke."



POPE JOHN